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Chris Geer
Western Washington University

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March 1994

Arne Hanna, on the Council

Internet Connections

Inflatable Rock and Soule

Singing Telegrams

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Letter from the Editor:

Welcome to the wonderful world of Klipsun Magazine. Once again, technology seems to be foremost on our writer's minds.We hope you find Cheryl Bishop's article on the Internet interesting and informative. And for those of you who are not quite ready for the global interface, take a peek into the past with Dave Kihara's look at the Antique Radio Museum in Fairhaven.

Thanks for reading,
Chris Geer

Front cover photo of Rafe Wadleigh and staff page photo taken by Steve Dunkelberger. Masthead design and back cover photo of Fairhaven Antique Radio Museum taken by Matt Hulbert.

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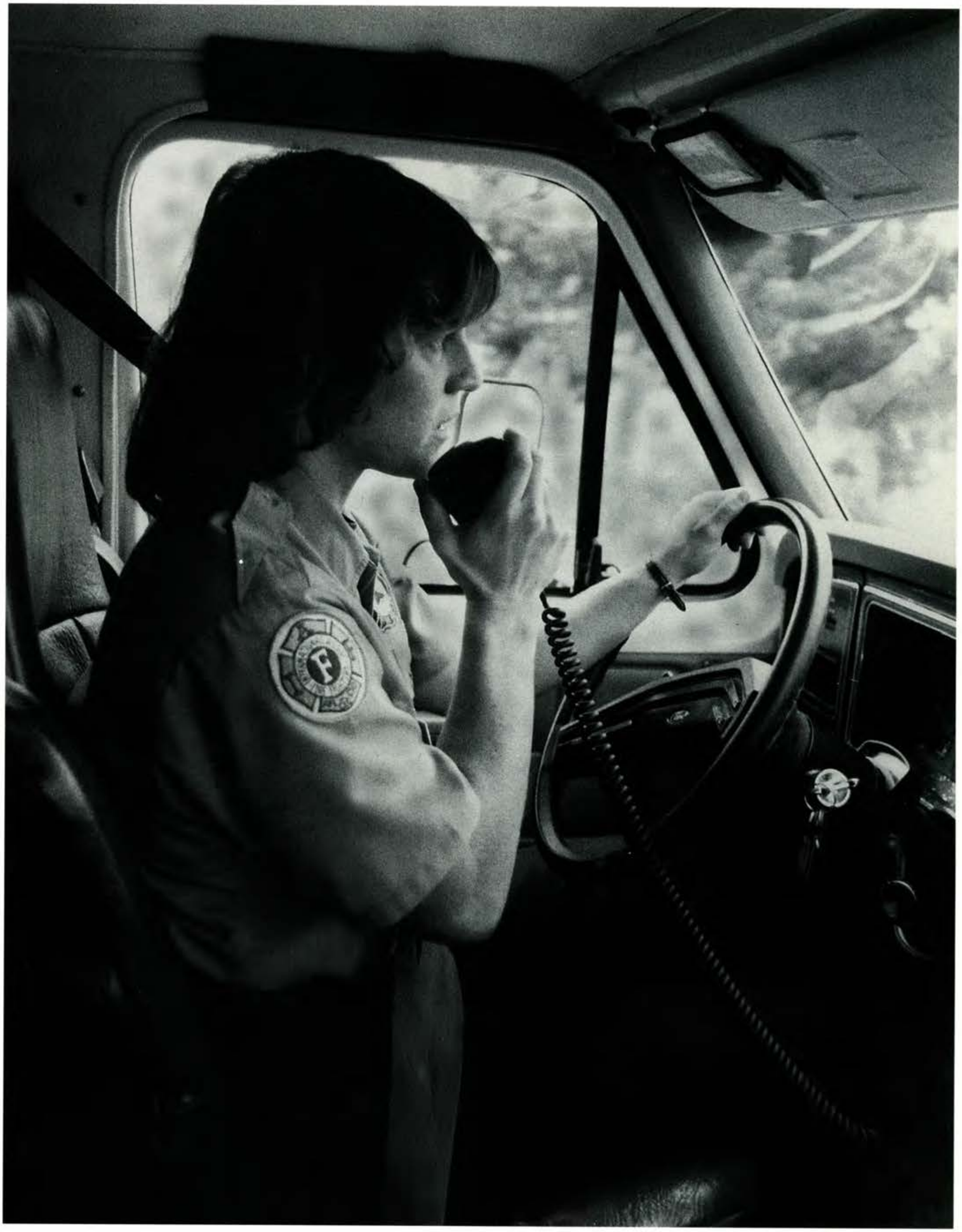


Life Savers

It's all in a days work

By Heather Barnhart
Photos by Adam Leask

A crotchety, disoriented, elderly woman doesn't want to leave her home, can't answer medical questions and thinks the para medics are putting a curse on her.

A young mother sits numbly in an old recliner in a dark, musty apartment trying to recall how many pills she had taken.

A screaming toddler is vomiting rat poison on the medics as they talk calmly to his distraught mother and shoo the dog away.

For 24-hours straight, the paramedics of Whatcom Medic One respond to 911 calls. The job is rarely easy and never stress-free. Life and death struggles occur every day.

The pressure takes its toll.

Five years is the national burnout average for paramedics, said Captain Bill Boyd, who is responsible for overseeing the daily operations of Emergency Medical Services (EMS) at Whatcom Medic One.

The average time a paramedic works at Whatcom Medic One is significantly higher than the national figure, Capt. Boyd said.

"We've got some guys with 12 and 15 years," he said.

This includes three medics who were part of the very first group trained in 1974.

Whatcom Medic One responds to all emergency aid calls in the county, from Lummi Island to Sumas to Blaine and Mount Baker. Established in 1974 by the Bellingham Fire Department, it is funded by both city and county governments.

Boyd said one reason for the career longevity at Whatcom Medic One was because all paramedics are first required to spend two years working as firefighters. This cross-training allows medics greater flexibility, so if they need a change of pace, they can work on a fire engine until they want to return to being a medic.

"We've got a fairly supportive environment around here too," Boyd added.

But the most important reason probably is the increased awareness of monitoring the mental health of paramedics, as well as firefighters, police and dispatchers, said Shift Captain Chuck Dederick.

Dederick, 43, said it has only been recently that people finally began realizing some medics, firefighters and police were suffering post-traumatic stress symptoms similar to those of Vietnam veterans.

"I think we're a lot healthier now," Dederick said. "We're doing a better job of taking care of ourselves ... Before, people just expected you to handle it. It was part of your job."

Fortunately, much has changed. Today, services are available to help medics cope with the stress.

A program called Critical Incidence Stress Debriefing (CISD) was created approximately four years ago as a way to help medics, firefighters and police deal with the stress stemming from their jobs. The system is simple and successful. Two peers and a mental health professional contact medics or firefighters between 24 and 48 hours after they respond to a "bad call."

"Bad calls" are traumatic calls, such as the death of a child, a death of someone the paramedic knew or a major incident involving multiple patients, Boyd explained. Informal meetings like these give medics and firefighters a chance to talk about what happened and how they feel about the incident.

"For the most part, burnout is preventable. It's a cumulative effect," Boyd said. "We've identified some of the best ways to head that off, and the best way is to let them talk about it and get it off their chest."

In addition to talking about their experiences and feelings, the medics receive education on the symptoms caused by stress.

Boyd said the program has been very effective.

"Our employees are our most valuable resource," he said. "If you don't take care of their mental health ... well, it's a lot like driving a car. You don't want to ride it for five years and get rid of it. We spend a lot of money training our paramedics."

Contrary to popular belief, being a paramedic is not always nonstop excitement and adrenaline, either. The thrill of running red lights, driving on the wrong side of the road and dodging cars is lost on the medics.

"People do all kinds of weird things in traffic," paramedic/firefighter Greg Bass commented calmly from the front seat of the ambulance as it swerved into the left lanes and made its way through a red light in downtown Bellingham with sirens whining, lights flashing and cars scrambling to get out of the way.

"We get people who pull to the right or pull to the left or just stop. See?" he nodded at the surrounding cars as they moved different directions to get out of the way.

Mundane calls, frustrating calls, paperwork and the seemingly rare seconds of free time punctuate the busy periods.

"A lot of the calls we get are really pretty boring, or annoying," said paramedic/firefighter Brian Flannelly. Flannelly, 36, has been a paramedic with Whatcom Medic One for five years. Drunks are his biggest source of irritation, he said.

Generally, two ambulances, known as Medic One and Medic Two, serve the entire city and south part of the county. Each ambulance is staffed by a two-person crew based at the fire department headquarters in downtown Bellingham on Broadway.

If both Medic One and Two are out on calls or need additional assistance, two backup ambulances and crews can be dispatched. Medic 54 is located at Fire Station Four on Yew Street and Medic Three is based just north of Ferndale.

A crew of 34 paramedics makes sure the ambulances are in service at all times. The medics work 24-hour shifts, from 8 a.m. to 8 a.m., and then they have two days off. What would be every fourth shift, the medics get a "Kelly Day," or a day off, giving them five days to recuperate before returning to repeat the cycle of three overnighters.

The long shifts take their toll, the medics agreed.

"The sleep cycle is terrible," said 30-year-old Bass. "I try to sneak in an hour nap or so because I could be up all night. I've got to get up at two in the morning and be thinking fast and be compassionate to that drunk with a bleeding forehead. And sometimes you get a call at 7:30 a.m. in Sumas. After the paperwork, you don't get back to the station until 9:30."

Bass said he's lucky because he doesn't have a family to go home to after working the 24-hour-shifts. Instead, he said he can go home and sleep until early afternoon.

"There's some shifts where you sleep all night, but those are the exceptions," Bass said.

Unlike Bass, Flannelly has two young children and a wife waiting when he gets done with his shifts. He said the worst part of the job is the long hours.

"For the past five or six shifts, I haven't gotten to sleep until 3:30 in the morning," he commented. "The 24-hour shifts physically grind you down. It can be really difficult giving someone the same quality treatment at the end of a shift as at the beginning."

For the paramedics of Whatcom Medic One, a typical day begins at 8 a.m., Bass said, when the fresh medics come in, talk to their tired counterparts about how their shift went and check over the ambulance to make sure it is stocked and ready for another 24-hours of calls. Coffee-break time is from 8:45 to 9 a.m., and then the day officially begins (assuming there have not yet been any calls).

From 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., the medics divide their time between training, drills, inspections, and, of course, responding to calls and filling out paperwork at the hospital. After 5 p.m., Bass said, they are free to make dinner, watch TV, exercise and relax until the next emergency arises.

"After 5 p.m., the guys study or watch TV. Some bring in a project from home, like a kid's bike or a cabinet. Sometimes you try and play a quick game of cards, and sit around and tell each other lies," Bass said, smiling.

Between 10 p.m. and midnight, Bass said most of them try to get some rest in the sleeping quarters upstairs.

Because of the unusual, often extreme, nature of their jobs, the medics and firefighters form a very tight-knit group, Capt. Dederick said. They depend on each other to serve as a sort of large, extended family.

"If something goes wrong at home, we can't just up-and-leave," Dederick said. "If the pipes break in my bathroom, I can't just go home ... I can call someone to work for me or have them go to my house and take care of it."

The closeness of the group is very important to Bass. He said the people he works with are the best part of his job.

"My favorite part is the co-workers — working with other people who enjoy being here," he said. "It's nice helping the community and helping people — that's rewarding — but I can honestly say I look forward to going to work every day, and that's because of the people I work with. You have to live with these people for 24-hours at a time, and they're like a second family."

Paramedics aid an elderly woman who hasn't taken her medication. Incidents such as these

Bass isn't exaggerating either.

Back at the fire station between aid calls, friendly bickering over dishes and teasing about burnt pot roast come from the men seated in mauve recliners watching "Cliffhanger" on a big-screen television. A 130-pound Rottweiler named "Taro" trots from the kitchen side of the living quarters to the carpeted livingroom side where the men are seated around the TV.

A paramedic is sauteeing something in a frying pan in the kitchen, while another — the one who burnt the roast — is sharing Chinese food brought in by his wife and son. A third medic closes the refrigerator door and sits down to enjoy a large bowl of pie and ice cream at one of the tables separating the kitchen from the living room.

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep!

A shrill ring, followed by the sound of a dispatcher's voice, brings silence to the room.

It's an emergency.

The medic with the pie sighs loudly, sticks the untouched bowl

back in the freezer and heads quickly into the garage with another medic. Seconds later, with sirens flashing, they're gone.

And when they come back after a bad call, they can vent to people who truly understand. He said to some degree, the medics get used to the gruesome side of their job.

"You get sort of hardened to it," he said. "You can't grieve every case."

riddle their 24-hour shifts.

Each ambulance averages between eight and 10 calls per shift, said Bass. Aid calls range from bloody noses and headaches to heart attacks, drug overdoses and childbirths. Some of the most common calls are for heart problems, chest pains, seizures and car wrecks, Bass noted.

Typically, Friday and Saturday night are a bit busier with car accidents and alcohol-related incidents, but overall, no real pattern exists for the number of a calls on any given day.

Whatcom Medic One operates under the medical license of Dr. Martin Wayne, who works in the emergency room at St. Joseph's Hospital. Dr. Wayne evaluates the written reports the medics are required to fill out after every call.

These reports detail what they found at the scene and what they did. He checks to make sure the medics are handling things properly and following protocol..

For unusual calls, Bass said the doctor sometimes has the responding medics describe what they found and how they responded so the other medics can learn from their experiences.

About 75 percent of emergency calls are for medical aid and are not fire-related, Capt. Boyd said. On nearly all 911 calls however, an ambulance from Whatcom Medic One is dispatched along with firefighters from the nearest fire station. The same is true in the county, where volunteer firefighters are on-call in each of the 19 fire districts.

Because Bellingham's firefighters frequently respond to aid calls, they are all certified Emergency Medical Technicians (EMT's). About 140 hours of training is required to become an EMT.

Becoming a paramedic requires about 2,000 *additional* hours of training.

Bass just recently completed his paramedic training. He has already worked nine years as a firefighter for the Bellingham Fire Department, which sponsors the intensive 14-to16-month training program. Along with classes, books and written tests on subjects such as anatomy and physiology, he said paramedic trainees spend hours in the hospital intensive-care ward, emergency room and maternity ward, among other places. In fact, doctors and nurses teach the classes.

While trainees are taking classes and studying, they are also assigned to ride along with a medic unit. As they near the end of their training, they are evaluated by the other medics.

Unlike EMT's, who are basically well-schooled in advanced first-aid, Bass said paramedics are able to administer medicine, start IV's and perform defibrillation (shocking patients to start or regulate their hearts). Paramedics can also perform minor surgical techniques such as putting an air tube in the trachea (endotracheal intubation) or inserting a chest decompression device to relieve a collapsed lung.

The pressure for paramedics to remember what they learned is intense, and Bass said he hasn't forgotten the things he learned during training.

"It's amazing how much stuff sticks with you," he said. "You're dealing with people's lives, and there's a lot at stake."

Speaking of pressure and high stakes, Bass and Flannelly expressed similar feelings on what the most difficult part of their job was.

"Having to deal with death and dying around the holidays, especially kids," Bass said.

"Usually if kids are killed from trauma (injuries), it's because of adults — who abused them or didn't buckle them up or something. Senseless things, like people who don't like to strap their toddler in (the car) because he fusses. A baby has never had a first kiss. At least with older people, they've lived a long life ..."

Calls involving children also have a strong effect on Flannelly, who now has a toddler and an infant of his own.

"Now that I have kids, these calls are the worst. I see my kids' faces on every one," he said in the emergency room while his partner filled out paperwork.

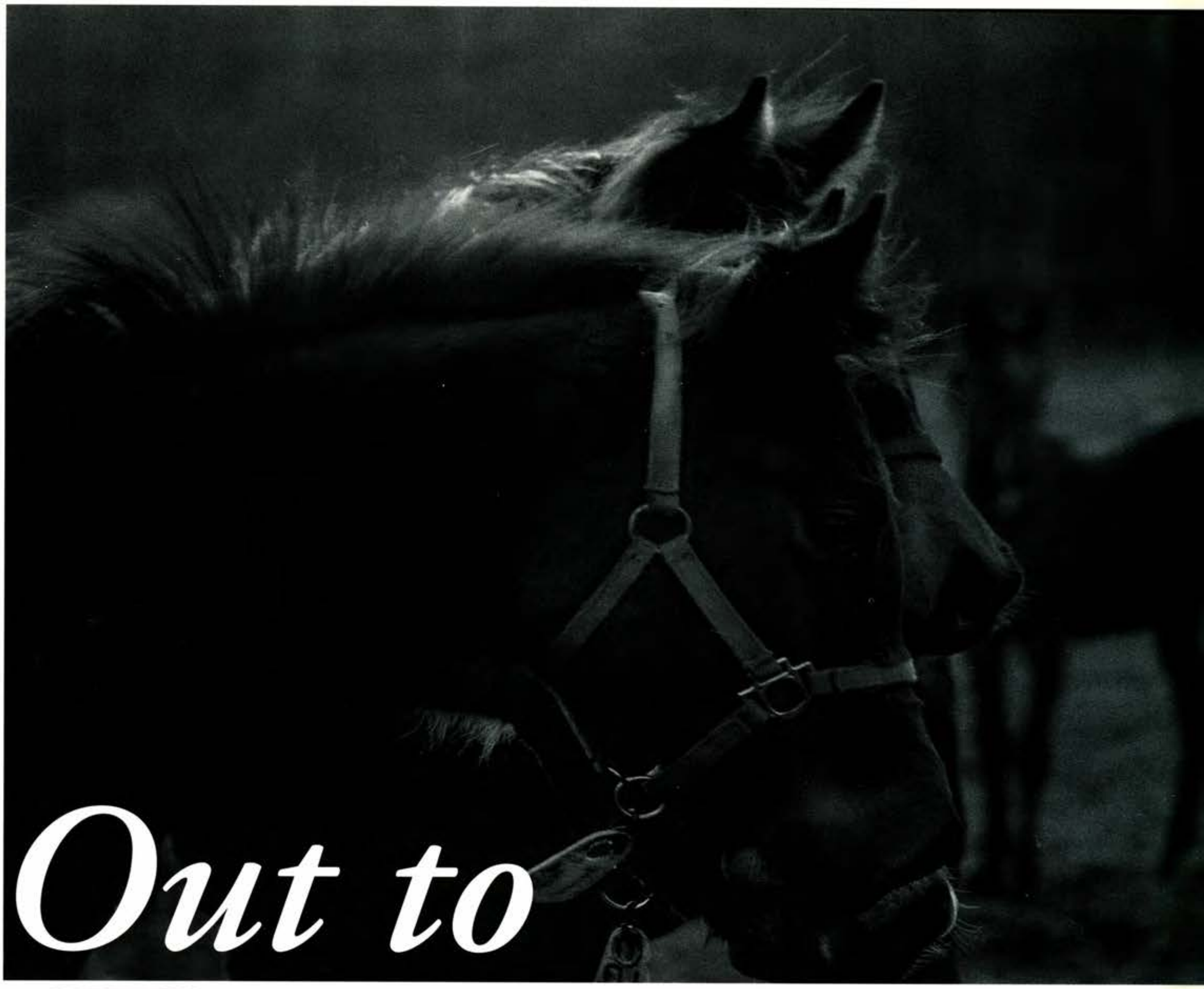
Flannelly left briefly to check on a seizuring 2-year-old he had brought in earlier that day.

"Before I had kids, I guess (those calls) were still the worst. They just didn't strike me as deeply," he said.

He was happy to report the toddler had made it through the seizure and was going to be all right ...

Another save.

KM



Out to Pasture

Story by Pat McCarrell and Michelle Reilly
Photos by Michelle Reilly

Trumpets blare. Bells ring. And they're off.

The murmur of the crowd rises to a din, almost overwhelming the thunder of the half-ton animals' pounding hooves. The steaming breath of the horses comes in ragged bursts from their flared nostrils as mud flies from beneath them like a dragster's exhaust. The jockeys in their colorful garb deftly cling to the backs of their mounts — somehow reaching the finish line.

Walton's 40-acre farm, overlooking Lake Whatcom, is still home to barren mares and retired race horses. In Walton's mind, the retirees have earned the expensive upkeep of the easy life on his farm.

Walton has been breeding thoroughbreds for 30 years and describes "completing the circle" as the most satisfying aspect of the business. The circle starts with caring for the pregnant mare, raising and training the foal, and ends with finally seeing the horse cross the finish line.

As he describes "seeing" his reward, one might wonder just how much Walton actually sees.

Then he laughs, "People probably wonder what the hell a blind man is doing at the track, but when people around me get excited — that's all I need."

"A win isn't as important as just finishing," he says. "Winning the race is rare."

But Walton's circle has been broken. Winning has become more than "rare." He says he is probably finished with breeding. But his farm isn't closed down. Barn stalls still get cleaned, straw still gets spread and property borders are still tended with the care of a man with the love of horses in his blood.

"Making a living on breeding is nonsense," he says with a wave of his arm. "You have to love it — *really* love it — to be a breeder."

But it's not only breeders who have felt the effect of the diminished thoroughbred business. Horse racing has traditionally paid millions to local and state governments in tax dollars.

Few industries contributed $10 million worth of revenue during 1992. But that's what thoroughbred racing was worth, according to figures released by the Washington Horse Racing Commission (WHRC). The commission also calculated more than a million spectators visited Longacres during the summer meet of 1992. The summer racing meets account for most of the state's total track attendance.

Then Longacre's last race was run. Where barns and stadium seats once stood, concrete buildings and parking lots prevail. The 1993 summer meet, held at Yakima Meadows, drew less than a half-million people. The once lucrative business has fallen from its position as Washington's fourth leading industry.

Without a track to go to, people in western Washington can only see a live race via-satellite. Local bettors can play their favorite ponies and watch the results on television at the Whatcom Sports Arena. Walton says the off-track betting site has improved in popularity and does help the industry, but he says there's still something missing.

"Watching the race on a closed-circuit screen is fine for the hardcore horse players," he says. "But people still want to go to the track for the excitement." In their quest for new and different entertainment, "people would go to the track instead of the movies."

Walton claims lack of track attendance has weakened the quality of the sport. The average thoroughbred owner has paid more than $16,000 just to get the horse to its first race, according to the WHRC. Walton says the earnings of a winning horse at Yakima Meadows or Playfair doesn't come close to covering these expenses.

Very few horses ever make it to the track, much less win races, Walton says. The amount of money a horse can earn while racing in Washington directly affects the quality of every aspect of the sport.

The closure of Longacres has also had an impact on the large breeders, as well as having a rippling effect on an estimated15,000 to 17,000 jobs. That's how many people counted on a livelihood in some way affiliated with the industry, says Barbara Black, previous owner of Wildwood Farm and the racing commissioner for eight years.

Wildwood Farm, one of the state's largest breeding facilities, was recently sold to Lynden businessman Alvin Starkenburg, but the Oak Harbor farm is still producing foals. Barbara and Bill Black, and their daughter-in-law, still manage the 76-acre farm, even though Barbara admits she has tried to "wean" herself from the business she and her husband started more than 30 years ago.

She walks into the living room where the windows reach from the floor to the vaulted ceilings. The picture windows form a glass wall through which can be seen rolling green pastures, a duck pond and several barns. The place smacks of the Ponderosa — complete with exposed beam ceilings and mammoth white granite fireplace.

But the Blacks haven't always lived in this kind of luxury. Their first 19 years in the business were spent in a double-wide trailer while they concentrated on living quarters for the horses.

"A lot of blood, sweat and tears went into this place," Barbara says as she looks out over the farm which started from two acres and has progressed into one of the premier farms in the state.

"I guess I used to be a pioneer," she states with a smile that quickly fades from her time-wizened eyes, "You know you spend your life

Thoroughbred breeder Bruce Walton feels the closing of Longacres may sound the knell to horse racing in this state.

doing this . . ." Her tone finishes the sentence she can't find words for.

With one word, Barbara describes how she felt about selling the farm, "Heartbreak."

The Blacks aren't the only large farm owners who have been forced to sell. Many of Washington's premier farms have been sold or, in some cases, closed down completely. The owner of DanDar Farm, who bred some of the highest-caliber race horses in the state, closed his farm and moved to greener pastures in California. Barbara says the money at the California tracks has drawn away many of the best people in the business since Longacres closed.

Barbara explains that besides farms, many of the best trainers, jockeys and horses have left for other states with major racetracks.

Walton and the Blacks agree that the fate of horse racing in Washington is in the hands of environmentalists, politicians and others with the power to decide whether a new track will be built.

If something doesn't happen soon, they say, it could be too late to save the industry they've devoted most of their lives to. **KM**

Million Dollar Sperm

Breeders gamble and second guess which stallion will best suit their mare. All Thoroughbreds that race are registered through the Jockey Club, so their bloodlines can be traced back several generations.

Thoroughbreds are judged by bloodlines and racing records. Rehan, the newest stallion at Wildwood Farm, comes from a long line of successful thoroughbreds including his father, Stormbird, and grandfather, Northern Dancer, said Bill Black, Wildwood manager.

Rehan is retired from racing and will begin making his living as a breeding stallion. A thoroughbred broodmare can get a date with Rehan for $2,000. Black said he expects to get Rehan 45 dates this year alone.

Black rattles off Rehan's bloodline history in the matter of minutes. Bloodlines to Black are the essence of his business.

Rehan sold as a 1-year-old to an Arab group for $700,000 - even before he'd run a single race. Black said he raced in England until a minor leg injury that wouldn't heal shortened a promising racing career. He was flown to Saudi Arabia where several rehabilitation attempts failed.

Then it was back to England for a two-month residency, onto a plane to Toronto, another plane to Los Angeles, and finally, by truck up the coast to Wildwood.

Black said it is impossible to put a value on Rehan until his first "babies" make their debuts on the track. His first breeding is scheduled for February and the foal will be born 11 months later. His first crop of babies will run their first races as two-year-olds in 1997.

The question is will these babies be running on a new track in western Washington or will they have to be shipped off to out of state tracks?

Black is optimistic on Rehan's potential as a stallion, "If those babies run well, he'll be priceless."

ARNE
the Hanna that rocks the council

Story by Guy Bergstrom
Photos by Steve Dunkelberger

See the 50s era crewcut and horn-rimmed glasses he might slip on if he's reading. See the resemblance to any grandfather and every slightly paunchy man in his 60's.

Hanna is a fixture at Bellingham City Council meetings, imparting his sometimes insightful and sometimes off-the-wall version of blunt wisdom to the council members and audience. He makes the normally stoic local press chuckle with his eye rolls, wild gestures, folksy sayings and habit of closing his eyes when things get dull.

Even if the council agenda is full of sewer contracts and equipment purchases for the fire department, Hanna will entertain you.

But Arne Hanna is not just another older resident with enough time on his hands to attend City Council meetings and gripe about rising property taxes. He's not just a semi-distracting council watcher everyone has to put up with while the real business of the council takes place.

Hanna, 64, a co-owner of a local Budget Car and Truck Rental franchise and Hanna and Hurlbut Auto Sales, is now the city council president. He has served on the council since 1984, representing the third ward, which covers the downtown Bellingham and Puget Hill areas.

The man is in charge, much like the clown doubling as ring

master. The old clown act, however, is deceiving — Hanna's blunt way of speaking his mind and putting up with a minimum of bureaucratic B.S. have garnered him a loyal following in his ward and on the council. He ran unopposed in 1988 and won handily in 1991.

AN UNUSUAL CAMPAIGN

The way in which Hanna became involved in politics is typical of the man. Hanna got his first taste for it while working on campaigns, as many politicians do. But Hanna only worked for local candidates — literally.

"Always people I knew," Hanna said in his office on Dupont Street. "City Council, County Council — I've always worked for local people because I wouldn't work for anyone I don't know."

Hanna represents truly *local* politics, local with a big L. Hanna is the antithesis of the young, slick, tasseled-loafer-wearing, Harvard-educated lawyer-politician who's using the city council as a springboard to higher office.

He doesn't wear ties and couldn't care less about the relative cost and benefits of negative campaigning.

Hanna is simply Hanna — rather, Arne is simply Arne, because calling him by his last name would make him think you're being too formal and pompous — the true citizen politician.

He's a man who would sooner stick needles in his eyes than use a professional campaign manager or travel with an entourage.

"The first time I ran (1984) I had three opponents," Arne said. "I was the dark horse. I found out, though, if you work hard, you get lucky."

Negative campaigning is simply foreign to Arne.

"Never in my mind — I just don't believe in it. I still don't think (national politicians) should sling mud.

"I sold two of my three competitors cars," Arne said, laughing. "So that tells you how mean the campaign was.

"Nowadays (other campaigns) get all personal. But the people who ran against me are still friends, even the ones who didn't buy cars from me."

Even the way Arne used his campaign signs differs from the norm.

"I made a point that I never called up for a sign location if I had to use my last name.

"I only called to ask someone to put my sign in their yard if they knew me by my first name and recognized my voice.

"I've only lived in two places in my 64 years: Sunnyland neighborhood and in York neighborhood by Franklin Park."

Arne's political philosophy is simple. No ideational grids, no consulting with pollsters or feeling the pulse of the electorate.

"I only try to do what's right. I don't think about it. I'm just a short fat ugly kid," Arne said, laughing. "Some old folks agree with me (on issues). I have no idea what you young folks think about me."

Arne doesn't consider how popular or unpopular his votes are on issues and doesn't even attempt to put himself in the limelight.

"I am never going to be politically correct, because political correctness changes with the wind and when I shave in the morning," he said. "My conscience can tell me the same thing — what's right and wrong — and that's what I go by.

"I might say things and baloney about things but when it comes to crunch time, I've got to go with my conscience. Not what's best for me, not what I want, but what my conscience says (is) right."

THE ARNE AGENDA

Arne, who has been 50-50 partners with long-time friend Chuck Hurlbut since the 1940s, focuses his politics on the working individuals and small business owners.

"I'm kind of anti-government," he said. "Government is kind of trivial sometimes, and I kind of feel we have too much government, local government.

"But now I'm part of the problem."

"I really enjoy trying to help small businesses and individuals, to lead them through the process. They call me all the time. That's what it's all about, trying to help somebody. That's what's fun about it. I enjoy that.

Hanna eases into to role of City Council President with a little help from City

"And not many people represent (the average person). They represent Boeing, and that big company and this one. It's screwy. And they get breaks here, and breaks there, and my buddies and me in small businesses get screwed. And I just feel strongly about that."

Arne got into business early.

"In first grade, I started sweeping and thinking in business-like ways. When I was 22-years-old I was married and (owned) a service station," Arne said.

In 1947, Arne worked as a fisherman with Chuck Hurlbut. By the '50s, they were selling cars.

"We've been 50-50 partners since 1958," Arne said. "Friends longer than that."

ARNE'S COUNCIL

The trait that will likely show up most in Arne's tenure as City Council President is his penchant for teasing and humor as a means to keep the council from bickering.

"You can't say the opposition is wrong," Arne said. "We just look at things differently. I tease them about it, the kids that are on the council (such as) Tip Johnson (who is no longer on the council).

Council secretaries Paula Beatty and Bonnie West.

"But we can make light of it. It's just like losing a car sale. You have to forget it and go to the next meeting .... You can disagree without being disagreeable.

"If you snarl at everyone and (get mad over votes or issues), you don't get anything done."

Arne's political stance is simple. He says his stance is mainly Republican, but that's not always the direction he votes.

"I've always been labeled Republican, but I've always marched to my own drummer," Arne said. "I've generally voted Republican (in presidential elections, (because) they're more for small businesses. But on a local level I've probably voted 50-50."

GROWTH IS COMING

With Bellingham between two huge population centers, Seattle and Vancouver, the city is bound to grow in the next 25 years, Arne said.

But state laws designed to control and slow growth are more applicable to large urban centers such as Seattle and not to Bellingham, which has room to expand, Arne said.

"Growth is coming to our area, whether we like it or not. A lot of it is going to come down from British Columbia," Arne said. "They're expecting another 1 million people in the next 25 years, and some of those people will work their way down to Bellingham.

"Olympia says no growth. (But) individuals have rights .... Having Olympia tell me how to run the show bugs me. Olympia doesn't handle its own problems, much less ours.

"Nobody wants to destroy the environment, but we don't want Big Brother taking away our property rights. But that doesn't mean you can ignore your responsibilities and pollute."

BUILDING A BETTER FUTURE

Children, family and small businesses are Arne's major political interests. Arne's biggest concerns are encouraging more public participation in local government today and making a better future for the citizens of tomorrow.

"I want the most possible public participation at meetings. Anybody who has a problem, come talk about it," Arne said.

"My biggest interest is what's going to happen to my grandkids in the future," Arne said.

"Yesterday is a pleasant memory and tomorrow is what's important to me, because I want to make sure my grandkids have jobs. When I graduated from high school in '47, most of the people had to move out of Bellingham to get jobs.

"The amazing part about this is what we decide now will affect (Bellingham) 100 years from now," Arne said.

To Arne, politics is a long-term proposition, affecting the young rather than the old.

Arne encouraged people in their 20s to participate in politics, not to be intimidated.

"People should start early in getting involved. We need that," Arne said. "If Arne can do it, anyone can do it."

Meat: the Enemy

Story by Jennifer Hardison
Illustration by Jean Kimmich

Is it possible to exist on a diet in which cheeseburgers, milkshakes and pepperoni pizzas are not considered a staple food? Some people argue it is — they call themselves vegans.

Vegans refuse to eat, wear, profit from or use products which result from the killing or abuse of an animal. This means not only do they refuse to eat red meat, chicken or fish, but also all dairy products including milk, cheese, eggs, butter, ice cream, etc. Vegans will not use products that have been tested on animals, and strict vegans will go as far as not buying any items such as furniture, clothing or accessories made from materials created by or which come from an animal such as wool, silk, leather or fur.

Some vegans consider themselves stricter than others. What is universal is the fact that vegans refuse to eat anything an animal must die for. The strictest of vegans refuse to eat meat, but also any food items containing any type of animal fat. Even products cooked in animal fat are off-limits.

For example, strict vegans will not eat any product containing whey (the liquid part of milk) which usually includes most types of breads, though some sourdoughs are made without it. Honey is out because it comes from bees, as are Jello and marshmallows because they are made with gelatin from horse hooves.

Being a vegan can be time-consuming, always checking every label and giving waiters the third-degree about the ingredients. Also, living a vegan-lifestyle can be more expensive, always dishing out more money to purchase special dish detergents, soaps and shampoos.

"I was a strict vegan for about six months," says Heidi Fisher, 23, a recent Western graduate. "It was hard. I went on a diet that included drinking non-fat milk, so I had to stop. I'm semi-vegan now. I really should be more."

Heidi originally changed her eating habits because of her mother, Judy, who is a strict vegan. Judy refuses to have leather seats in her car and won't wear leather on her watchbands, belts or shoes. No leather coats or furniture either. She won't wear anything made of fur, wool, silk or any other materials from animals.

Judy, 50, in Heidi's words is, "in far better shape than anyone I know half her age." Her mom began being a vegetarian about three years ago and has been a vegan for about two. In the last eight years, Judy ran in 21 marathons and 10 triathalons. She is physically fit and participates in many outdoor activities such as mountain biking and kayaking. Heidi believes her mom's energy and zest for life are a direct result of her vegan-lifestyle.

To help maintain their lifestyle, Heidi and her mom subscribe to magazines put out by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) and Vegetarian Times. These contain meatless recipes, have lists of items containing animal products and let the readers know which companies test on animals .

Grocery shopping can be done at most major stores, however, some items can only be found at specialty or health food stores. So far, they have only found one health food store that sells soy lattes (meaning the milk in the lattés is soy milk).

"Most other places just use cow's milk," Heidi says.

In her family meals, Heidi says potatoes, rice and other vegetables are staple foods.

"Tonight she made some vegan chili, which is basically the same as meat chili but instead of meat, it has texturized vegetable protein (TVP) in it," Heidi says.

Heidi's father and two brothers are not vegetarian nor vegan, and her mom refuses to deal with any animal products at all in cooking. When they go out to eat, Heidi's dad will order seafood or steak, but when they are at home, unless he buys it and cooks for himself, "He's on his own," Heidi says.

The holidays can be difficult with all of the relatives coming for dinner.

"The old-timers are used to their turkey. They always ask 'Do you still not eat meat?' as if it's just some weird phase that we are going through. The old ones don't really seem to understand the concept. If you pull out a tofu loaf instead of a turkey, they'll freak," Heidi says.

When her grandmother comes for dinner and eats chicken, Heidi describes the experience in this way:

"My grandma sits at the table and grinds her teeth on the chicken bones. Mom just gives her a 'look' and then she turns away in disgust. Me too! It's sickening!" she says.

When they want to go out to eat it would seem almost impossible to find somewhere that doesn't cook with some type of animal product. Heidi says it's just knowing where to look. They need to

know what food items they want and what questions to ask. She says they let their server know right away that they are vegans and explain thoroughly what that means. Then they begin to ask what particular food items are cooked with.

"Usually the waiters or waitresses will have absolutely no idea so they'll have to go back and forth to the kitchen a few times," Heidi says. They have found french fries and salads to be a safe bet, although the salads can only have oil and vinegar dressing with no croutons (they sometimes are made out of bread containing whey and also can be sprinkled with parmesan cheese). They avoid Caesar salads because they contain worchestire sauce which has anchovies or anchovy juice in it. When ordering rice and vegetables, vegans need to ask what they are cooked in. Sometimes restaurants will cook the rice in beef or chicken broth and will sautee the vegetables in butter, Heidi says. When they order a pizza, it is a vegetarian with no cheese. She describes it as being "quite delicious and very low in fat."

Vegans don't have any restaurants they make it a point to stay away from. Heidi says it's just a matter of being careful wherever they go. They recently discovered a place in Seattle that serves all soy-based products.

"It looks like it, it smells like it, it even tastes like it, but it's not," Heidi says. Vegans can order "Chicken McNuggets," pork strips or a filet mignon made from a soy base. "It's great for us," she says.

When people question the way they have chosen to live their lives, Heidi's answer is "At least no animal has to die for me to eat. I say there is no logical or ethical reason why I should eat an animal. They will pretty much shut up after that."

Heidi says because she eats this way, she feels much better about herself both physically and mentally .

Heidi says if her mom is any indication of what a vegan lifestyle can do for a person, she plans to always eat this way. Even if she can't always be as strict, Heidi vows to never eat another animal in her life. Like her mom, she believes that humans do not need to rely on helpless animals to survive.

"The torture they endure because of us is unreal. It's unfair and completely unnecessary."

Betty Zane feels the same way about the treatment of animals. Her family philosophy about food is simply, "We do not eat anything with a face." Betty owns and manages "The Bagel Factory" in Sehome Village. She and her husband use that same philosophy to run their restaurant.

Betty says the family has done pretty well being vegan, although they have become a little less strict in the last year or so. "We've stayed pretty true in our beliefs. The only place we've gone a little off course is in the dairy."

Having young children, Betty says, she never wanted them to feel different. With children and birthday parties and school pizza parties, they have become a little more accepting about dairy products. Sometimes the rules can be bent a little, as long as it doesn't involve the killing of an animal. It wasn't always that way.

"The first year when I was so crazy with it, I made a carrot cake for my son's birthday. I worked all day with the organic carrots, scraping them and cleaning them. I used a certain kind of flour. Not the cream cheese frosting either. I brought it out, so proud of it and these seven year-olds..." She glances over at her son who makes a face, as if remembering the taste well. "Well, let's just say one bite was enough."

Betty says it's tough to always have to check labels and to try to create fresh, organic meals.

Family gatherings, holidays and social events were tough at first, Betty says. "The first year was very hard. My husband's parents thought we had joined a cult. They thought it was some kind of religious group!

"My parents always believe everything in moderation, so they thought this was really far out. But they've learned to accept it. I say, `Do what you want.' They say if you have company you should always have stuff they can eat too, but to me, to buy it, even if I don't eat it, is contributing. I just won't do it."

"If we socialize with other families or go to picnics or if people invite us to their homes, there's no problem. Most of our friends know. If people are having a barbeque and they are serving hotdogs and hamburgers, we just bring our own meatless hotdogs and hamburgers. We put on the bun and the sprouts and nobody knows the difference," Betty says.

She says at first, their reasons for becoming vegan were selfish. "We wanted to get healthier, which we did at the time, but when you start reading about how these animals are treated and abused and you think of what you are eating, it just turns your gut."

Betty goes on to describe the way animal fat and oils clog people's veins to cause heart attacks. "The blood can not get through," she says. Her description does not paint a pretty picture. "You learn what's in the animals—hormones and shots. You would be so disgusted you would never eat another animal in your life."

"It's neat to know you don't have to kill another living thing to give yourself pleasure or energy or protein or whatever. It's just a really good feeling."

Both Heidi and Betty try to follow vegan ideals as closely as possible.

Though each says it can be time consuming and a little more costly, they say they feel they are really accomplishing something by living a vegan lifestyle — it seems as if the small "selfish" sacrifices aren't really missed. KM

NetLife

Entertainment Through Connectivity

By Cheryl Bishop
Graphics by Matt Hulbert

As more people tie into the global Internet network, the amount of information available increases substantially.

He brushed his fingers through the short, brown curls that framed his face, slightly darkened from the African sun. Outside the northwest rain pounded on windows that looked out into the gray and murky day. As he spoke, his dark eyes grew wider.

"I couldn't have had the experience in Africa I had, without Internet," he said with the conviction of a religious convert.

Doug Auerbach, a 23-year-old Fairhaven student, who recently returned from a trip to Africa that was planned in part through Internet, says he is faithful to that cyberspace world of information living inside the small box on top of his desk.

Auerbach went to Ghana to study African music. Through Internet, he received historical and local information on Ghana, contacted the State Department regarding the political status of the country, met Ghanaians living in Canada and South Africa via his computer screen and connected with an East Coast American planning a similar trip.

"We met and became very good friends in Ghana," he said. "It was the start of lifelong friendship."

Now, through Internet, they stay in contact regularly.

Internet is a computer network spread all over the world enabling computer users to communicate with one another. Other computer networks exist, but Internet is the largest and most extensive. Presently, it encompasses more than three million users in 40 countries, and it's still growing — rapidly.

CONNECT 14400/ARQ Henson

mshulbert@aol.com

veronica

ATE1 V1
OK

CONNECT 2400/ARQ Henson2400

Annex Command Line Interpreter * Copyright 1991 Xylogics, Inc.

Annex-3-UX (R7.0.1) Ethernet Communications Server: ANNEX00.cc.wwu.edu

WESTERN WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Academic Network Dial-in Service

Enter BYE to hangup or
Enter the name of a public WWU computer (NESSIE, HENSON, GONZO, etc.) or
Enter MENU for more selections and information.

6880 WWU: henson
Trying...
Connected to henson.
Escape character is '^_'.

ULTRIX V4.3 (Rev. 44) (henson - %t)

login: +++
OK
ATH0
OK

ftp

pine

ftp> telnet thorplus.lib.purdue.edu

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thorplus.lib.purdue.edu
escape character is "^]"

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CONNECT 14400

ftp> telnet thorplus.lib.purdue.edu

connected
thorplus.lib.purdue.edu
escape character is "^]"

telnet>

gopher

It's origins can be traced back to 1969 when the Defense Department set up a computer network for military installations to communicate with each other. The network then spread to academic institutions and has been propagating shamelessly ever since.

People now use Internet for a variety of reasons. The most common use for Internet is e-mail (electronic mail). E-mail allows people from all over the world to directly communicate with each other through an electronic mailing system. Because e-mail is cheaper and hundreds of times faster — one can send a message to Anartica in 640 milliseconds — , Internet addicts fondly call postal mail, "snail mail."

One also can access on-line library catalogs, search research databases or copy computer software. The latter is known as "shareware" or "freeware" in Internet terms. "Freeware" computer programs are free. One only has to download them into his or her system and the programs are his or hers forever. The creators of shareware programs ask for a small fee, usually anywhere from $1 to $25. Payment is on the honor system, and according to Internet users, most people actually pay.

But the aspect of the Inter
net that has many people talking, or typing ,one could say, are the mailing lists and newsgroups.

Both work under the same premise: Networking with people using a specific topic as a focus. Mailing lists send information and conversations right to your e-mail address. One must specifically subscribe to a mailing list. To access a newsgroup, one must go to the particular newsgroup on the Internet. Communication is done in the newsgroup but one can always share e-mail addresses and communicate privately.

The topics of these groups is as vast and endless as one's own imagination. Where else can one jump, also known as "surfing," from discussing artificial intelligence (comp.ai) to alien abductions (alt.alien.visitors)? Or debate the merits of blackberry jam on your hot buttered scone (alt.buttered.scones) to arguing the perils of deregulating the cable industry (alt.cable.tv.re.-regulate)?

Laura Davies, a computer science/business major at Western, who also rides motorcycles, belongs to a mailing list called, Wet Leather, that deals with issues surrounding riding motorcycles in northwest weather. The group also meets once a month for group rides.

She says she really likes the sense of community and connection these groups have. Davies, who is disabled because she was born without hip sockets, said one time she was reading a conversation on Wet Leather about knee surgery when she decided to pipe in and tell her story. Someone sent her a message back saying they had gone through the same thing.

"I realized for the first time that nobody ever really understood what I went through as a teenager, but this person, who I had never met in my life, really understood because he had gone through the same thing," she says as tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

"He had been beaten up because he walked funny. He had been abused emotionally, physically by classmates all the way through high school, just like I was. And he had endured the pain of surgery. It was really weird to read what this person wrote. It was like he read my mind."

Davies says she believes Internet is a safe environment to discuss and debate issues. She says people are more open because they aren't talking face to face.

Auberbach says he has learned more from Internet at times than from school.

"The learning about writing and critical thinking that I gained through interaction on the Net from debates, discussions, philosophical musings, explorations was far more helpful in the development of my writing and thinking skills then any class," he says.

"You're putting your ideas out there in writing open to everybody to critique or praise. You get instant feedback from a whole bunch of people and since you really believe in it — you're not getting any credit for it, you're not getting assigned to this by some teacher you don't really like — it engages you and you become more involved. You care about what you're doing and you put more of yourself into it. That's how you grow."

Deborah Frost, 25, a Western alumnus, says she likes being able to ask questions and receive answers.

"You can mail a message saying, you know, 'I'm trying to do this, but I got stumped here. What do you think should be the next step?' And within, sometimes minutes, at least within 24 hours, you've got a few people who have responded. It's just incredible," she says drawing her hands to her chest. "You all of a sudden have an audience of help that is very responsive and welcoming."

But life isn't always helpful and understanding on Internet. Sometimes "flame wars" erupt, and they're not pretty. Someone graphically condemns another person's idea, then someone else condemns the condemner, then another person will storm in and condemn the condemner's condemner and so on and so on. Basically, Net users consider "flaming" non-productive and impolite, but that doesn't stop it from happening. Life surfing the Net is often not much different then the real thing.

Some students, even those who are computer literate, can be intimidated by Internet.

But Auerbach, who has taught a lot of people how to get into the Net, says anyone can learn.

"It's like driving a car. All you have to do is learn how and then you often can go anywhere you want. You just need to learn the tools of navigation."

Western is connected to Internet through the computer Henson, named after the creator of the muppets. Western students can log on to the Internet at school using university computers or at home, if they have their own computer. All one needs is a modem (from $69 to $300, depending on the speed), which allows information to travel through the phone lines, and a password from Western's computer lab.

The lab recently added five new high speed modems, bringing Western's total number of modems to 18. The high speed modems can be accessed at lower speeds when the slower ones are busy.

But Western's hook-up to Internet is growing rapidly. One year ago, 1,300 people had accounts through Western. As of Sept. 1, 1993, 1,700 people were logged in. Now that number has almost doubled to a bulging 3,260 and students and faculty are feeling the effects.

At certain times during the day, it can be difficult to access Pine, the program that runs e-mail. When too many people are logged in, the system slows down.

James Hearne, a Western computer science professor, says the local crisis Western is experiencing is occurring all over the country as the number of Internet users skyrockets.

But Dick Porter, director of administrative computing technology, says Western is actively trying to alleviate the problem. He says that because the computer systems are intended for staff, faculty and student use, most likely all others will be restricted. But, he says, nothing will happen without prior warning. He also says they are looking into adding additional equipment.

Internet is basically unregulated. Institutions hooked up to Internet, like Western, can censor information that is coming in, but not information that is being sent. Auerbach says if someone really wants to receive the censored information, there are many other ways to access it.

Last year Western's administration censored some newsgroups, mostly sexual in nature, from Western's connection to Internet. Auerbach said some of the newsgroups were of dubious educational value while others could have benefited Western students.

Basically, Auerbach says, the debate pits academic freedom and the question of censorship on one side and the using of public funds for material of questionable educational value on the other.

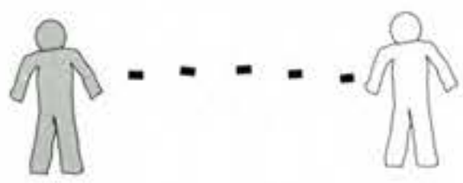
The most controversial aspect of this debate is the pornographic material that can be found on the Net. According to Auerbach, pornographic writing, animation, pictures from magazines and even low-quality homemade pornographic videos can be found there.

"You have to wonder how many people out there are masturbating to their computer screens," he says matter-of-factly.

Hearne says because of the unregulated nature of Internet, "communication that in former times had not been public, will become public" because the normal everyday social controls no longer pertain.

"You have to have some faith that in the long run, that's going to be a good thing and not a bad thing, " he says. "It's happened before in the history of the world. Whether I find it distasteful or not, opening up public communication to more and more people in a democratic culture must be assumed to be a good thing."

According to Hearne, the Internet has already had political consequences. Because the nature of its technology is so difficult to control, cultures that monitor political communication are having a difficult time keeping information under lock and key.



During the 1991 coupe attempt in Russia and the Tiananmen Square uprising in China, people were sending information through Internet. In the former Yugoslavia, e-mail is the only means of communicating to the outside world for some. Even during the recent California earthquake, Internet communication survived as phone lines literally crumbled.

"It's very different then anything else that's been created, " says Frost as she leans toward the table and her voice rises. "It's no one structured way. New sources and new ways of doing things unfold as they are being created. Essentially what comes out is a beautiful, three-dimensional web." KM

Traveling directions for the cyberspace novice

Interested in taking a trip through the Net? Here's how to get started

1. Go to Miller Hall 359, the Academic Computing Services Help Desk, and fill out the Henson student account application. Within about a week your account will be activated. You must be currently enrolled at Western.

2. Ask for the "Henson Beginner's Guide" and other appropriate hand-outs. Use these directions to "log in." They are pretty straight forward. Someone in the computer lab can help you if you get confused.

3. To access "pine," the program running e-mail, type in pine3.89 after you get the henson prompt (henson:). A menu with various options will then appear. Use the arrow keys to highlight your option. At the bottom of the page you will see the commands needed to get through "pine."

4. To access Gopher, which will lead to information worldwide, or various library catalogs including the University of Washington, type in: telnet uwin.u.washington.edu after the henson prompt. This will get you to a menu. Once again, use the arrow keys to highlight your option. If you get stuck, type a question mark (?) and you will be given more information.

5. If you want to get to the various Usenet newsgroups type: nn after the henson prompt. A list will appear starting with the first letter of the alphabet. You can scroll down the list using the space bar. If you see a newsgroup that looks interesting type: G (make sure it's a capital G) and then type in the name of the group. For example, alt.aliens.visitors.

6. Surf's up!!! Have fun. These are just some basic instructions to do some basic traveling. The key to learning the Net is: ASK QUESTIONS!!! Everyone has to start somewhere.

Radio DAYS

By Dave Kihara
Photos by Matt Hulbert

In an age when even the newest technology quickly becomes roadkill on the information superhighway, it is rare to find an individual who refuses to stop listening to the sounds of the past.

Jonathan Winter, owner of the Fairhaven Antique Radio Museum, still holds ancient radios in reverence.

Winter is an avid collector of old radios, most of which come from before 1927, a fact he proudly announces to anyone who walks into the museum.

He began collecting and studying radios at an age when most children begin playing softball.

"As far back as 15, I've had an interest in collecting, looking at, touching and enjoying these old pieces. I started discovering I wanted to obtain or own these old radios," Winter says surrounded by his 500 or so antique radios.

Upon entering the museum, one hears the faint sound of what seems to be an old radio show. The crackling, shallow, muffled tone of the radio fills every nook and cranny of the museum with sounds familiar to those who grew up on programs such as "Little Orphan Annie," or "Amos and Andy." To others, the ancient sound is as foreign as a photograph from the Hubble telescope.

The museum, like the tone of the radio, is strangely warm and comforting. Maybe it's the heat from the yellowish lights above, or maybe the cabinet-like radios give off some sort of fuzzy electric radiance.

The radios, nestled in tight, crowded rows and shelves, fill nearly every inch of the small room. From the moment people enter the two-room museum eyes bulge and breaths are taken away.

The relics range from shoe box sized, coffin-shaped mahogany radios to five-foot grandfather-clock sized pieces with speakers spiraling out of them like a hypnotized cobra.

Most of the radios are from the '20s and '30s, so they don't resemble the sleek Sony or Panasonic music machines of today but are similar to pieces of furniture. Two radios which could double as coffee tables sit in the middle of one row while others lean lazily against the wall.

"My house was beginning to get crowded." Winter says. "I had radios in the basement and in the house. My wife didn't want the house full of the old radios so I thought 'What would I do?' The collection was getting pretty big by then, around 500 pieces, and the idea of trying to combine storage with a museum gives the community something, and it is a place for me to store the pieces. Even though it cost more than storage, its a win-win situation, and I like that."

While walking through his collection, Winter, 52, often points to one radio, then another, occasionally lifting the panel off one for a close inspection of its internal organs. His large hands look rough and clumsy at first. Yet while he points to various electrical veins inside the radio, his movements become nimble and graceful .

Winter's whitish beard and determined eyes give him an appearance found in old black and white photographs of pioneers, and a fedora hat worn neatly on his head adds to the image.

"Some people think 'Oh geez, you're spending all this money on this museum and you're not getting anything back, but I'd have to spend a chunk of change to store this stuff and I wouldn't get to come in and look at it. Plus, I get a little break in the rent from the landlord. Its his own way of supporting the museum," Winter said.

The free admission museum — hard to pass that up, eh?— is open Thursday through Sunday from noon to 5 p.m., and it consumes most of Winter's time. He does some consulting work for various companies in Whatcom county and occasionally writes for antique radio publications.

Patrons passing through the museum elicit the occasional "oohs," and "ahhs" while others fixate themselves in front of a single radio, staring blankly as if caught in a dream of the past. The inevitable question asked of Winter is the how much the radios are worth, yet Winter claims they are not as priceless as one might expect.

"The value of the stuff is really in the eyes of the collector. There isn't something here worth millions of bucks," Winter says. "Most of these radios are not in mint condition. I've kind of gone for a middle-of-the-road condition because I want to take them down; I want to open them up; I want to look in them and have people use them or touch them. If you have them too mint, then you don't do that. They are too fragile."

Since there are not many retail stores which sell antique radios to collectors, Winter has found alternative resources in his never-ending quest for the archaic artifacts, such as the Puget Sound Antique Radio Association (PSARA), located near Lynden.

The PSARA allows individuals interested in antique radios to meet and discuss just about everything there is to know about them, from where to find certain parts or pieces to how to maintain and care for the antiquities.

In addition, many of the radios Winter has found were donated or bought from other collectors' collections.

"There is the endless search for the radio...collectors and people like myself that want to build a good collection quite often end up focusing on a given piece that you've just got to have. Trying to find the piece is a difficult task, but it really isn't that interesting," Winter says. "After you find a piece it's like 'What do you want to trade?' or 'How much is it?'"

Winter's modesty for his collection, however, is quickly rebuked as he enthusiastically shows off the collection, which includes many battery operated radios of the 1920s as well as later pieces such as a German radio which displays swastikas on the dials, and the radio from the first Volkswagen automobiles.

One oddity among the relics is a radio made in the 1920s which uses printed circuitry, a technology which did not become widely used until the 50s.

Although the art of collecting antique radios is a never-ending and often costly procedure, Winter says many individuals are not collecting for economic gain as much as for the pure joy and love of antique radios.

"I don't like buying and selling radios. I like enjoying them and looking at them. I like turning them on and studying them — how they were designed and built."

Since many of the radios are bought second-hand (some have been sitting in old basements or attics for decades collecting dust), Winter puts in a great deal of time to restore the pieces, which calls not only for patience but a working knowledge of past technologies. In the back of the museum, a workshop no larger than a dorm room is cluttered with miscellaneous radio parts and pieces as well as unfinished radios.

"I have worked on most of the battery radios and the AC radios. I have two or three friends that are retired radio people that really enjoy doing it, so I'll give them a little money to fix them," Winter says.

Although books and radio publications have aided Winter in his quest to discover the anatomy of radios, he learned much of his radio knowledge from the 30 years of tinkering and hands-on experience.

The museum is visited three or four times a year when grade school classes take field trips.

"One of the things to me that is really important is for younger kids to see this stuff," Winter says. "This all happened (radio and radio technology) in less than 80 years and now it's gone, so there are young kids, grammar school age, who should be able to at least see it and try to understand that this is where all the wonderful technology that we have today emanated from."

Jonathan Winter, owner of the Fairhaven Antique Radio Museum, scratches the RCA dog, Nipper in his favorite spot.

Siblings search for the Soule of rock and roll

Story by Nick Davis
Photo by Steve Dunkelberger

It's late Saturday night, and the anxious concert-goers are packed into the dark and smoky underground that is Speedy O'Tubbs. The patient crowd waits for the band to take the stage — passing the time with conversation and an occasional sip from their favorite beverage resting within their grasp.

A hush comes over the crowd as the band begins to take the stage. Lead singer Peter Cornell, dressed in blue jeans and a plain, black T-shirt, slowly struts to center-stage while strumming his light brown acoustic guitar. The expectant fans notice the catchy chords — drinks are set down, conversations come to a halt and patrons move toward the front for the best spot to view the performance of Inflatable Soule, the newest entry into the Seattle music scene.

The rest of the band members take their places on stage. Standing next to the long-haired lead singer are the other vocalists and Cornell's fellow band members, Katy and Susan Cornell.

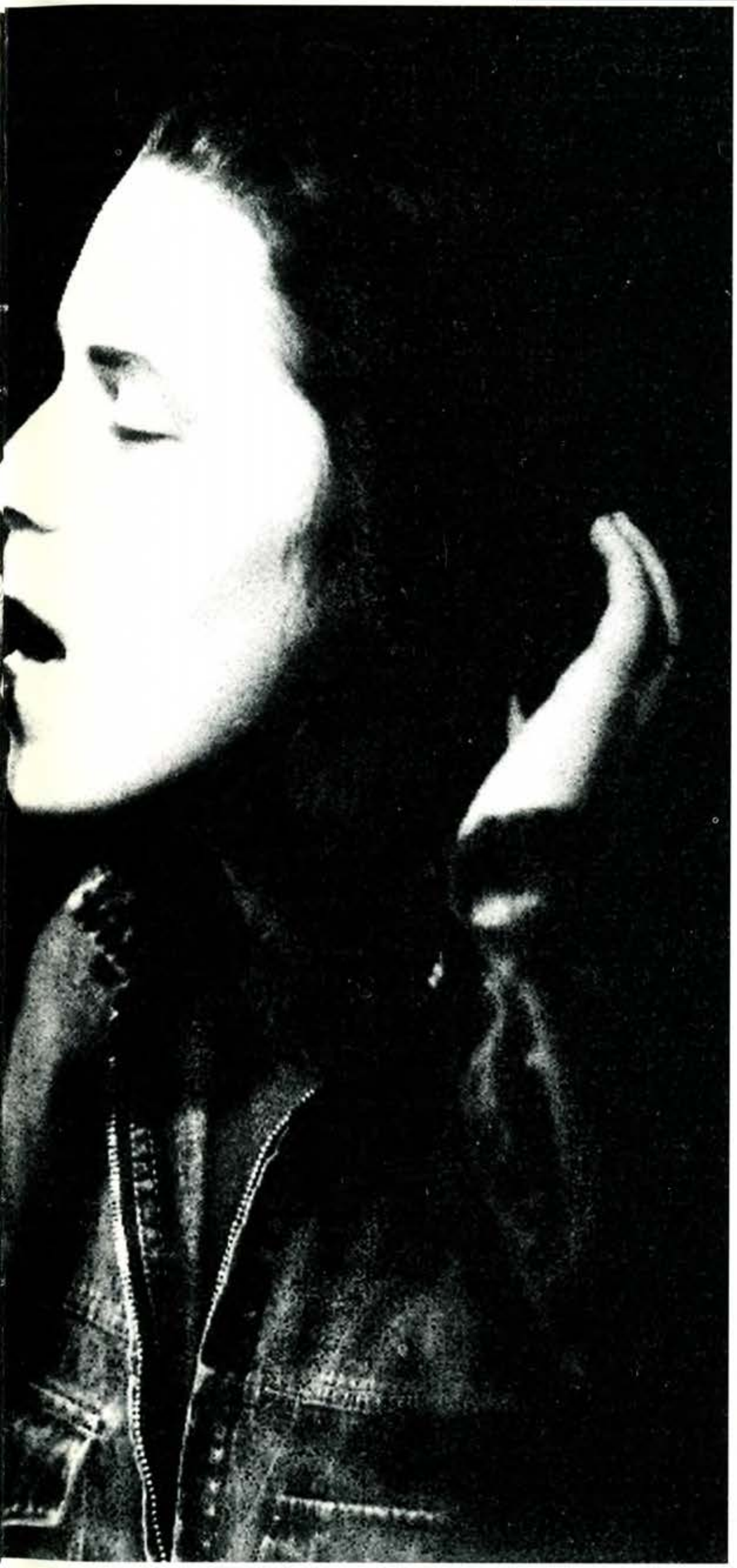
Peter describes his two sisters' contributions to the band perfectly: "They've developed as an integral part of what we do ... they are what separates us from another long-hair, Seattle band."

Peter, Katy and Susan are siblings in a music-rich family, the Cornells. While the trio of Peter, Katy and Susan make up Inflatable Soule, their other brother Chris is lead growler in the power grunge band Soundgarden, a staple of the early Seattle music scene.

While not nearly on the same level of popularity as Soundgarden, Inflatable Soule has slowly been carving its own spot in the tough Northwest music scene. The band is booking itself into some of the biggest Seattle rock clubs, such as RCKNDY, The Weathered Wall and the Crocodile Cafe; places in which other up-and-coming bands would kill for the opportunity to play.

Formed nearly three years ago in the mecca of modern alter-

Katy Cornell (yes, sister to the infamous grunge- recent show at Speedy O'Tubbs.



master Chris) harmonizes with family and band members, Inflatable Soule during a

native music, the infamous grunge town of Seattle, the band is showing everybody grunge isn't just another six letter word. Inflatable Soule is breaking the image that every Seattle band is a grunge band.

"We don't consider ourselves as a grunge band," Katy and Susan quickly point out in perfect unison. The band's sound can be described as strong rock, but with a catchy and unique twist. The band blends acoustic guitars with hard rock riffs to create a more complete sound. Katy and Susan confess that all the songs and a majority of the lyrics are Peter's creations.

"The songs we sing now," Katy says, "are the ones we would play for the family. They've been around for five years ... The stories are of his experiences from his life."

Before Inflatable Soule was officially formed, Chris's group Soundgarden was taking off and becoming a major force in popular music along with other Seattle bands such as Nirvana, Alice in Chains and Pearl Jam.

Even while witnessing their brother's exploding success first hand, Peter, Katy and Susan didn't feel rushed or pressured to start with their own project.

"We didn't see them (Soundgarden) and go, 'Oh let's get a band together because they're doing good,'" Susan says. "That's not how it was."

During the time Soundgarden was still organizing itself, Susan was here in Bellingham finishing up her physical education degree at Western.

"In the four years I was here (attending Western from 1981-1985), I maybe had more fun than I probally should have," Susan says. "I'm really glad I finished it, but toward the end it was like, 'God get me through this!'"

Susan says when she comes back up to Bellingham to play Inflatable shows, she feels a different level of added excitement. "It's deja vu, it's really deja vu. All the memories come back, but it makes me feel old. The kids look really young to me."

While she attended Western, Susan was a cheerleader for the Western men's basketball team for two years.

"Being a cheerleader, I guess it made me like performing in front of people."

Shortly after Susan finished her degree, brother Chris and his band were beginning to establish a career for themselves in the music business. Chris encouraged his brother to start a music project of his own and offered Peter all of his advice and support.

It was the Cornell kids who were finding music, and surprisingly, it wasn't forced down their throats by their parents. Creating music was their own hobby.

Katy says Chris kept up with the offer to help, and soon after, Peter took the advice and created Inflatable Soule in early 1990. "He (Chris) can, and is willing to answer any question I have. He's totally generous with his information," Peter says.

"I hadn't any experience being in a band before." Katy says, "Peter had been writing songs and recording them; he called me up said to come up and sing, so I did."

Shortly after, Susan was recruited for the band and their jobs as vocalists began. In the three years since, their responsibilities have evolved into percussion with Katy adding some flute to a few songs.

Currently, the band is in a Seattle studio polishing off its songs for release in a month or so. They plan to use the new recording to expose the band and hopefully, land a record deal.

Being in a family that has two popular bands can surprisingly help normal family relations. Feelings of jealousy or envy give way to feelings of respect and closeness among the kids in the Cornell clan.

"We're a big family," Peter says, "and we've always been a close family. Another person's success or failure doesn't determine how we feel about each other. I don't feel any pressure because of Chris, I feel really lucky. I'm the luckiest guy in the music business. I have my brother and sister-in-law (she's Chris' wife and manager of the two bands), and I have my sisters in the band. Chris is the silent partner in our band."

Even though the Cornell kids remain close to each other, their parents didn't follow the same pattern. But on the positive side, things are becoming more amicable between their parents, the siblings said.

"Our parents have been divorced for almost 15 years, "Katy says, "and it's like the two bands have brought them back into a friendship."

"Now they go to our shows together. They even go to the Soundgarden shows ... They went to Lollapalooza two years ago," Susan says. Instead of splitting apart, the kids remained tight and they hope their parents will follow the same example.

For Peter and Susan, being close to Chris also has its down side, because the closeness meant being involved with a lot of other Seattle musicians and watching them handle their successes and failures.

The one failure that hit Peter and Susan hard was the heroin overdose and subsequent death of Mother Love Bone singer and friend, Andrew Wood..

"When Andy Wood died it affected everybody," Susan remembers. In the years since his death, the national media have placed Wood on a pedestal as Seattle's grunge mentor."

Mother Love Bone was an early Seattle band which was about to make it big, but a week before the release of its major label debut, Andy died leaving a lot of friends behind including his roommate, Chris. It prompted Chris to write some songs and form a Andy tribute band, Temple of the Dog.

Susan talks of the past as if it's still with her. "I get a tear in my eye everytime I hear one of Mother Love Bones' songs."

With the bad comes the good and fortunately for Inflatable Soule, Wood's death was one of the few setbacks for this rising group.

The band's popularity is steadily growing and its members and fans know that big success isn't far away.

Inflatable Soule isn't at the level they would like to be at yet, and the next step is getting a major label contract so they can quit their "precious" day jobs.

"I wanna make music for a living," Peter dreams, "I wanna devote all my time to music. Unfortunately, now I have to pay my rent too."

Three years isn't a long time, and all the band members know that it's going to take some time for Inflatable Soule to become a household name.

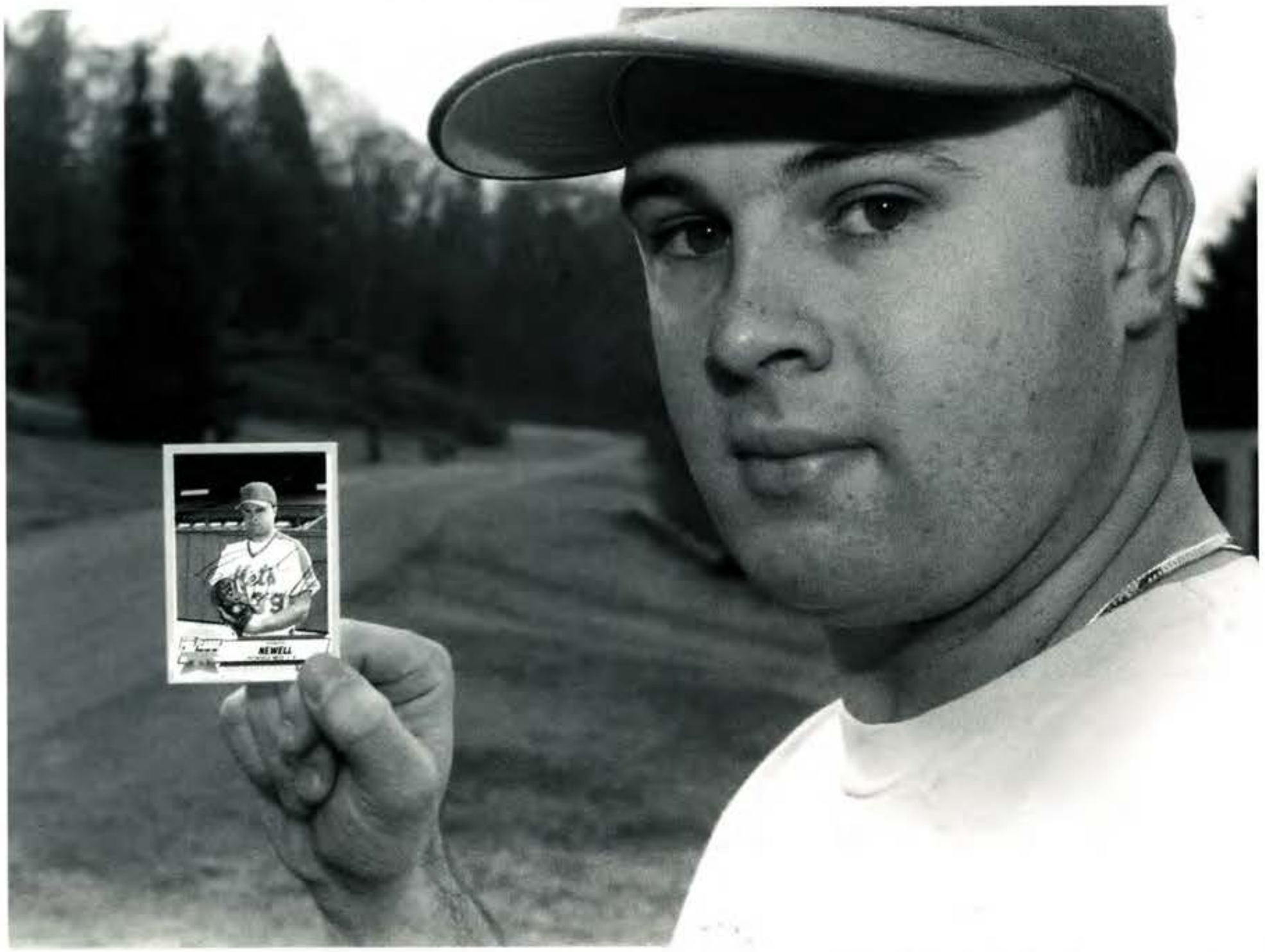
Success doesn't come over night, and the members of the band are ready and able to make a full time comitment.

The current lineup of Peter on vocals and guitar, Katy and Susan on vocals, Joel Tipke on lead guitar, Bert Byerly playing bass and Dave Hill pounding the drums, Katy says, is the strongest band they have ever had.

"Our current band gets along great, we're family," she said.

Katy and Susan both agree their biggest highlight in the short history of the band was receiving a standing ovation after opening for the Lovemongers in the Paramount Theatre.

With the help from Chris and with the dedication and desire the members of this band have, it's only a matter of time before they'll be headliners at the Paramount Theatre. **KM**



SWINGIN' TOWARD THE BIG LEAGUES

Story by Mark Scholten
Photos by Steve Dunkelberger

The word came from the dugout — "Have Newell start warming up." It was the realization of a life-long dream. Brandon Newell was playing professional baseball.

"I was sitting in the bullpen and the coach got me up," says Newell, recounting his pro debut as a pitcher with the Pittsfield Mass. Mets last summer. "It took me about five pitches to warm up because my adrenaline was flowing pretty good. He called me out of the pen and he said, 'Hey, just relax and hopefully this will be the start of a long career.' I said, 'I hope so too. Gimme the ball.'"

It may indeed be a long career if all goes as well as that first night. Newell, pitching the last inning, struck out the first two men he faced as a professional. "The first guy was looking — on a slider," he beams.

He got the third on a ground ball back to the mound. One appearance, one save. Easy as that.

Pretty heady stuff for a kid from Nooksack, Wash.

Newell, 22, is a 1990 graduate of Nooksack Valley High School. He has good baseball bloodlines; his father, Dan, played two years in the Atlanta Braves farm system in the '70s. The elder Newell is currently the principal of Blaine High School and has stayed in baseball by working as a scout for the Seattle Mariners organization.

Brandon was a three-sport star in high school. He stepped in and immediately became the starting quarterback on the football team as a freshman. During his four years on the gridiron, the Pioneers went from also-rans to powerhouse. He led them to the state playoffs as a senior, where they won their first game and then lost to the eventual state champions, Charles Wright Academy, in the second round.

"My first two years we were so bad," Newell says of Pioneer football. "Getting to the playoffs and winning that first game was probably my best moment (in high school)."

He was named a second-team Whatcom County League (WCL) all-star as a quarterback and made the first-team as a safety on defense.

Newell essentially quarterbacked the basketball team as well. He was the starting point guard for three years, guiding the team to the state tournament as a junior and senior and being named second-team all WCL both years.

But it was on the baseball diamond where Newell did his best work. He played pitcher, catcher and third base in his four years on the varsity for the Pioneers, leading the team to two playoff appearances. He was named the WCL Most Valuable Player as a sophomore, junior and senior.

A young man with that kind of talent is going to have a lot of options after high school. Let's see, where to begin . . .

"I got drafted by the Mariners. I had offers to go to UPS or PLU to play any two of the three sports, and then they offered me all three sports. I could've went to SPU to play basketball, the U-Dub and Wazzu for baseball and Dartmouth to play football."

Wow — Dartmouth. The Ivy League. Impressive. But that one got ruled out.

"I didn't want to get hit anymore in football," he laughs.

But Newell, at an even 6 feet and 200 pounds, drew the most interest in baseball.

He was taken by the Seattle Mariners late in the June 1990 amateur draft ("round 50-something," he says) and heard from all the local community colleges, but not the bigger Pac-10 schools. Certainly he was good enough to play at that level, but there turned out to be a reason he didn't hear from them.

"What I gathered from it is that most of the colleges thought I was going to sign (with the Mariners)," Newell says. "That was the rumor I heard. So the interest wasn't there until late."

Truth be told, the rumor had no substance. He was not close to signing.

"Not close at all," he says without hesitation. "Unless I had been drafted in like the top 10 rounds where the money is so lucrative that you almost have to sign. If I'd been taken high, the money was there, and I would've had the college scholarship plan where they would've paid for my school in the off-season, then it would've been a big possibility."

But not when you're taken in round 50-something. So let the college sweepstakes begin.

"Washington State was my first pick," Newell says. "Right after playing in the All-State Series (high school baseball all-star games) I got offered scholarships by both Wazzu and U-Dub. I had a really good day; I hit two home runs in one game. I'm still on the field, and they come up to me within two minutes of each other. (WSU coach) Bobo Brayton told me he'd give me a call, and we were gonna talk about it the next week."

Newell is still waiting for that call.

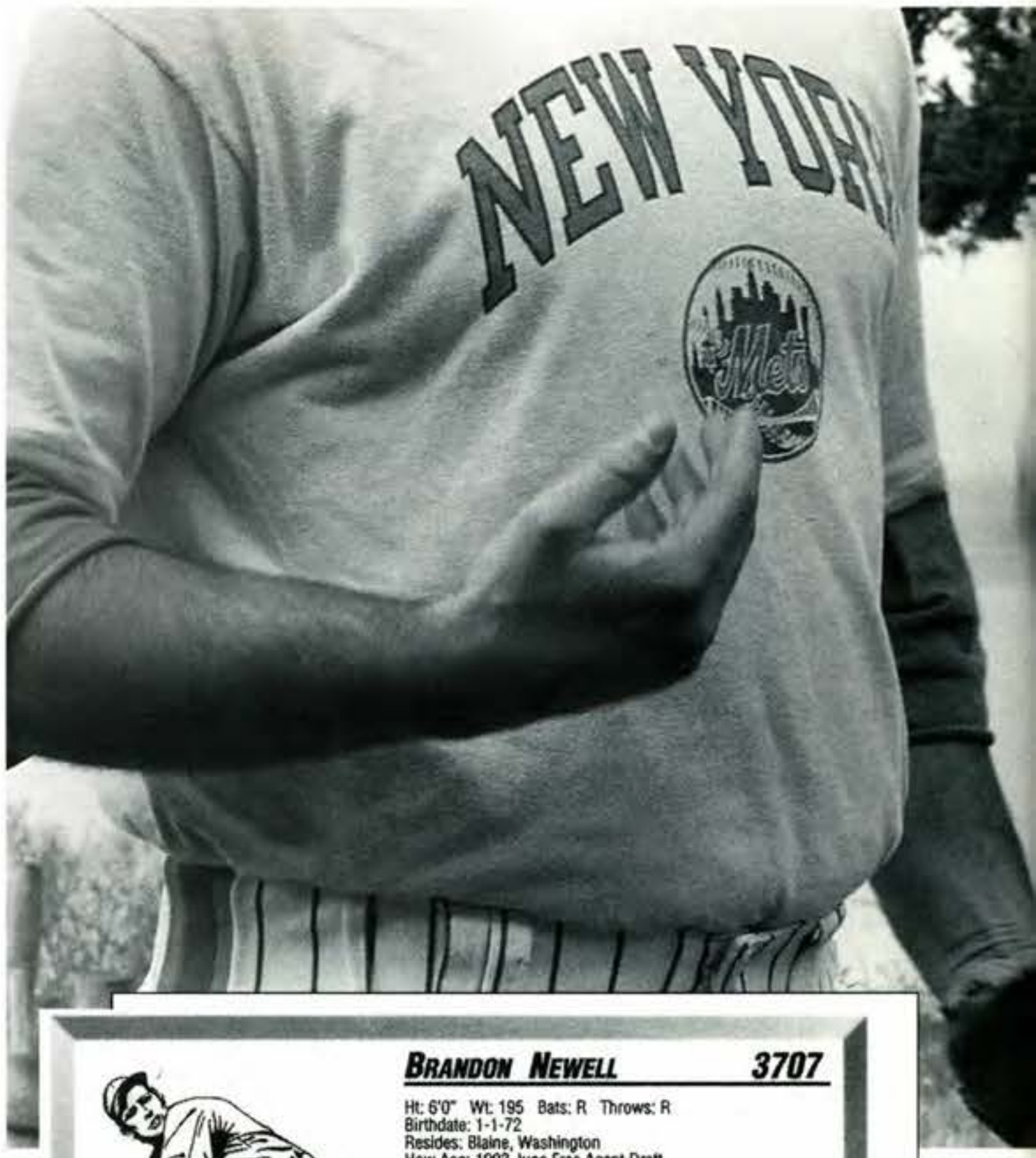
"I never heard from him," Newell says. "Then coach (Bob) McDonald from the U called me. I was tired of waiting, so I signed."

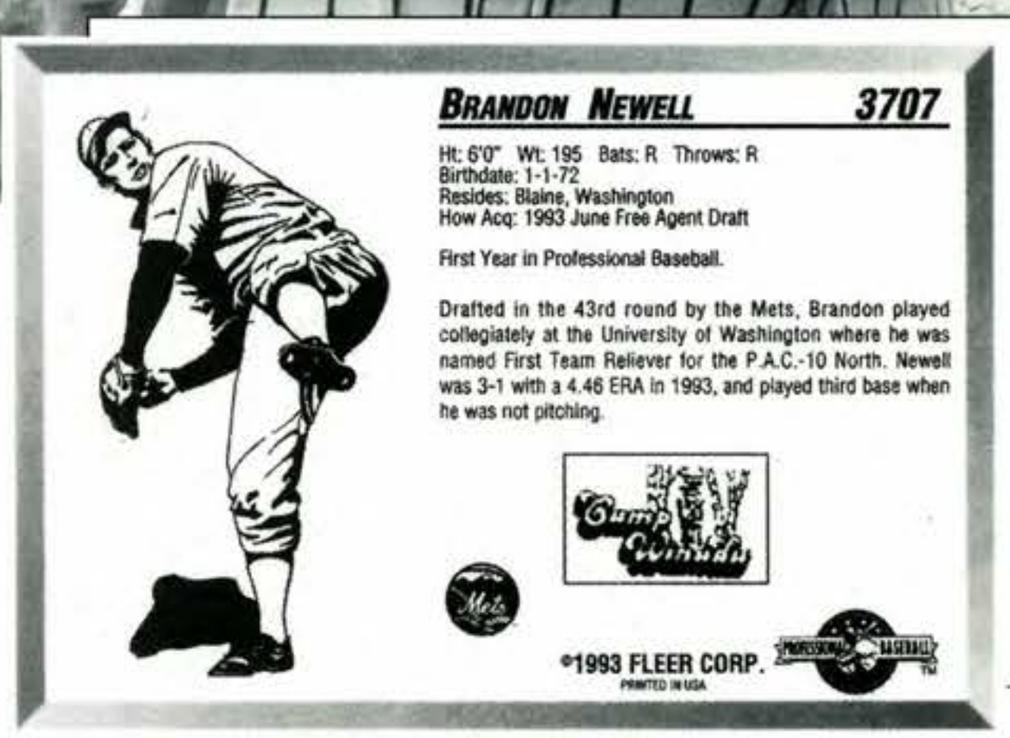
Go Dawgs.

So it was on to Seattle, where Newell says all his baseball experience made for a pretty smooth adjustment.

"I'm not easily intimidated. Playing American Legion baseball really gave me an edge going in there. A lot of guys from small schools don't have the opportunity to play Legion ball against the best players in the state."

Newell spent his freshman year as a designated hitter and relief pitcher. He hit .300 in 100 plate appearances.





"The next two years went pretty well," he recalls. "I played third base off and on and was our closer."

He was named All Pac-10 as a relief pitcher both years. Newell says his greatest moment in college came in the playoffs his sophomore year.

"We went down to Arizona and beat them in the first game of the regional. They were seeded number one and it was at their home field in front of six grand. We were seeded number six. It was just an amazing upset."

College baseball players can be drafted by the pros after three seasons. Newell became eligible in the spring of '93, when his junior season ended late in May. The draft was the first week of June.

"It was really hectic," Newell says of that period. "I was getting lots of phone calls and talking to a lot of scouts. I made it really clear to them that I wanted to sign. That was my goal when I left high school. I was gonna go to college, and I was gonna sign after my junior year. That's what I wanted to do."

Sounds like a young man anxious to fulfill a lifelong dream of playing in the pros. And he was hearing the right things from the right

Brandon Newell, a three sport star from Nooksack High School, pitched 25 strikeouts and only six walks during his first season playing pro-ball with the Pittsfield Mets. Newell attends the University of Washington during the off season.

people.

"(The New York Mets) talked to me the night before the draft started, and they told me I had a chance of going in the first day — that would be the top 10 rounds," Newell recalls. "They said, 'Wait by the phone.' I waited be the phone all day — all day. I got up early — I was just heartbroken when I didn't get drafted then."

A mixture of emotions are still evident in Newell's voice as he recounts the story.

"My scout called me later that night," he continues. "He said, 'I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is you didn't get drafted today, but the good news is we're planning on taking you with one of our first couple picks tomorrow.' I said, 'Perfect. That'll be the early teens. That'll be great.' We got off the phone and I sat around the next day. Still didn't get a phone call — the whole day."

Despite being on the brink of accomplishing his childhood dream, a guy can only take so much. Newell jetted.

"It got to be about five at night and I finally said, 'I'm outta here.' I was going crazy. I went and helped coach my brother's Legion team. I had to get out of the house. It was driving me nuts."

He got back just in time to field another phone call from his favorite scout.

"He said, 'Hey, I don't know what happened. I'm really mad. They didn't take my recommendation, but we're still gonna draft you sooner or later so just be patient with us.'"

Unfortunately for Newell it was more later than sooner. Round 43, to be exact, taken by the Mets as a pitcher.

"I was really surprised when I didn't get drafted as a hitter," Newell admits. "I spent most of the time right when the college season ended learning how to hit with a wooden bat (which is used in the pros) and not worried about pitching. I figured I'd probably be playing third base or maybe catcher because of my arm strength.

"When I heard about the draft I grabbed my glove and a ball in a hurry and got on the mound to start working out as a pitcher," he says with a chuckle.

Just one minor impediment between Newell and the start of his professional baseball career: contract negotiations.

"At first the offer they made me I didn't like at all," he says. "I told them I was gonna go back for my senior year."

Hold it — what about that dream of playing in the pros? This whole "going-back-to-school" thing had to be a bluff ... right?

"Yes and no," Newell says. "I was so mad at them for not drafting me earlier — and then the offer they made me was almost insulting. So I told them I was going to go play semi-pro baseball, and if they had a change of heart, they could come and watch me pitch there."

Newell spent two weeks pitching for the Everett Merchants of the Pacific International League. It turned out to be a very good career move, as the Mets scout eventually came nosing around again.

"He goes, 'Hey, we want to sign you. I'd like to come up (to the Newell family residence in Blaine) and talk to you and your dad.' He drove up from Portland on the night of Blaine High School's graduation. So my dad (the principal) got out of the gym, went to his office, the scout was there, and we signed."

Pro baseball! Yeah! Call the neighbors and wake the kids — party for Brandon!

Maybe later.

"I signed at 11 at night, and they wanted me on a plane out of Vancouver at 10 the next morning," Newell says. "So I ran home, packed my bags, my parents drove me to Vancouver, and it was onto a plane for Pittsfield, Mass."

Whats-field?

Pittsfield. The Pittsfield Mets of the Class A New York-Penn League.

"I showed up there and the team was already practicing," he says. "I got there Tuesday, and we had our first game Thursday."

Newell's successful debut snowballed into quite an impressive start to a career. He didn't give up a run in his first 20 innings as a professional.

"It's just great baseball," Newell says of the New York-Penn League. "There were a lot of high draft picks — guys I'd read about in college baseball magazines. They were all there, and I was playing against them. It was a dream come true."

Pitching mostly in short relief, Newell posted a record of two wins and no losses with two saves. He had 25 strikeouts and just six walks in 48 innings. He converted both the save opportunities he had and won both his starts.

Conversely, sometimes he would come in just to retire a single hitter.

"I'm giving them what they want," he says. "They're really happy because I throw a lot of strikes. I have three pitches — a fastball, slider and change-up — I can throw them all for strikes. It takes a lot to intimidate me. I want the ball, so I'm a guy they can give the ball to in a lot of different situations. I can pitch four or five days in a row if I have to."

After the season Newell returned to the University of Washington for fall quarter classes. He's been home in Blaine since Christmas break, and life these days consists mostly of working out.

"I lifted weights hard this whole fall," he says. "Now it's running and throwing. Get my arm, legs and cardiovascular in shape."

He'll report to Port St. Lucie, Fla., the first week of March for spring training.

From there he'll be dispatched to either South Carolina or the Florida State League for the step up to full-season Class A ball. Brandon Newell's climb up the professional baseball ladder has begun.

"I caught myself many times last year sitting in the outfield shaggin' flies, just kinda looking down and saying, 'I'm in a Mets uniform.' It was great.

"But baseball is a weird life. It's a fun life though. You make a lot of good friends because you have a lot of long bus rides. A lot of late night talks with your buddies because there isn't anybody else around who cares. But I paid my dues. I put in a lot of hours playing baseball. This has been my dream forever."

See you in the bigs, Brandon.

Not just another

By R.E. Dalrymple

The thunder of 500 horsepower under the hood got Joe Kelley addicted to stock car racing. Acceleration that rolls eyeballs back to the brain kept the Western student coming back for more.

But just as with other addictions, there are the crashes.

Kelley's first crash came in 1992 — only his second year of racing, and officials at the Evergreen Speedway in Monroe said it was the worst wreck they had ever had at the track.

"I lost the brakes in the first turn and hit the wall going about 70 miles per hour. I T-boned it straight, and the car blew up into flames and my neck stretched about four feet," Kelley said, joking about the force of his head flying toward the windshield. "I know my neck stretched because, with my belts on tight, if I tilt my head down, my visor is at least five inches from my steering wheel. It shattered on my steering wheel.

"My mom was in the stands, and my mom hated this (racing) from the beginning, and this wreck was just salt in the wound," Kelley said. "They laid me down on my back, and I look over at my dad, who's squatted next to me, and his eyes were all watered up.

"They finally stood me up, and my mom was behind the fence right in front of the crowd with her hands over her mouth, crying like crazy," Kelley said with a blank face.

But the thought of quitting racing never even entered Joe Kelley's mind.

"It was a stubborn, selfish opinion, but I never considered quitting," Kelley said. "I don't know why it never came into my head."

The only reason he said he thought his racing career might be over was that the car was totaled, and buying a new one wasn't cheap. Superstock cars come in three parts: A rolling chassis (everything but an engine and transmission) costs around $5,200, while a new engine costs about $12,000.

"It's got everything tricked up," Kelley said of the engines he uses, built by drag racers he knows. "They've got titanium rods, the special bearings, and the light-weight this and the hot-shot cam...Everything's as high as we can get it without breaking the rules."

"It was a stubborn, selfish opinion, but I never considered quitting."

Kelley's dad, Gordon Kelley, is his chief mechanic and financial support. After the accident, Joe Kelley, his father and brother, Matt, sat down to decide whether the family should get back into racing. (Right after the accident, Kelley said he heard from a friend that his father ran from the stands, saying, 'I'll never do this again.')

"I don't know why we didn't include my mom (in the discussion)," Kelley said. "I guess she understood it was something we were going to do whether she liked it or not. She just bit the bullet, I guess."

The Kelley's decided to get right back on the track. Within a week, Kelley had his new wheels, and this superstock came with a pedigree — It carried the 1991 Northwest tour champion to victory.

"I wanted to jump right back in," Kelley said. "(The wreck) didn't spook me as bad as it did other people."

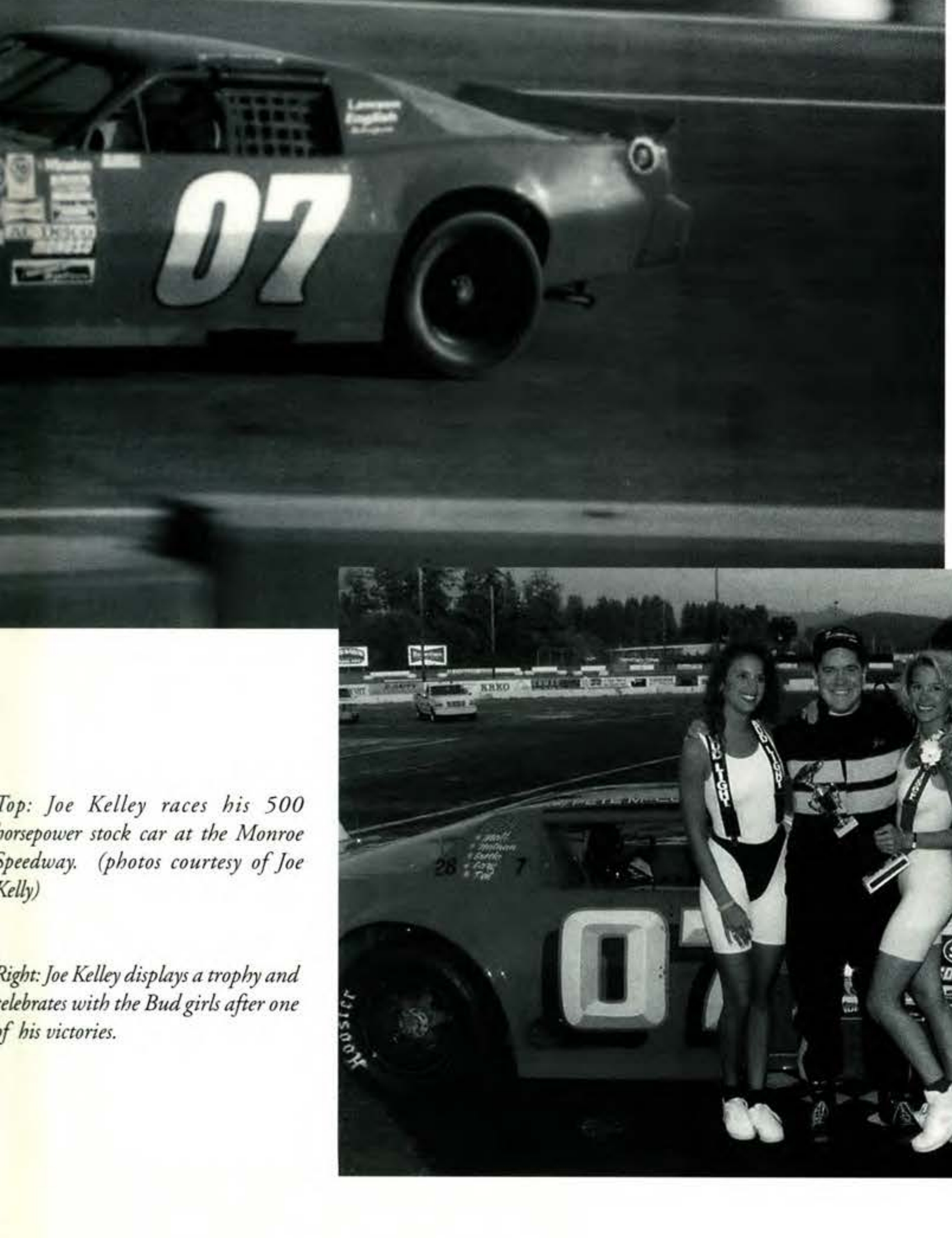
When he went back to the track, all the other drivers were encouraging Kelley, and the respect from his older peers only stoked the fire to keep racing and place higher. Two weeks after the accident, he was back on the oval track, waiting for the green flag. He hasn't looked back since.

The 20-year-old Kelley finished third out of 44 drivers in his racing class at the Evergreen Speedway for the 1993 season, and expects to place higher next year. Surrounded by racers at least five years older than himself, Kelley was one of the top 15 superstock

crash test dummy

racers in the Northwest. He has definitely come a long way in three years of racing — from no experience racing cars at all, to track championship contender for the coming 1994 season.

When Gordon Kelley purchased the family's first stock car in 1990 for then 17-year-old Joe Kelley, the only racing experience his son had was on the street, grinding the gears of his Volkswagen Cabriolet. And after mechanical problems held the car out of warm-up laps and training laps, Kelley went straight from the Volkswagen's whir to the superstock's roar for the 1990 50-lap season-opener at Monroe. Unfortunately, success in stock car racing doesn't necessarily mean advancing to the next racing classification. The bigger factor in moving up to the Northwest tour — the level higher than Kelley — is money. And without a sponsor to pay for more fuel, travel expenses, repair work, etc., Kelley remains at the Evergreen Speedway, hoping to finish higher and attract a sponsor.



Top: Joe Kelley races his 500 horsepower stock car at the Monroe Speedway. (photos courtesy of Joe Kelly)

Right: Joe Kelley displays a trophy and celebrates with the Bud girls after one of his victories.

SWEET SERENADES

By Gina Mac Neill
Photos by Steve Dunkelberger

She checks the time and picks out the appropriate attire for her first assignment. Old clothing, mussed hair and an attitude are a must as she leaves for Billy McHales.

She arrives and scopes the room for her intended victim. Singing as she crosses the room, she sidles up to a young man about to be married. With family members and fiancee present, she delivers good-natured jabs and personal tidbits provided by the bride-to-be's mother.

"I needed a job, but I didn't want to work fast food or something," Rafe Wadleigh

Singing telegram service "Livewires" has recently expanded to the Bellingham area. Headquartered in Seattle, it employs 10 people in this area. They serve such diverse requests as roasts, singing messages, strippers, balloon and cake deliveries.

Sharon Galloway, entrepreneur and part-time actress runs the Livewires cast. Clients phone her with bookings and she assigns the job to an independent sub-contractor who has auditioned and been put on a list of available actors, singers and strippers.

"A man called me up just yesterday, wanting to book a particular stripper" Galloway said. "Unfortunately, I had to tell him that she no longer strips; she got religion. But I think she'll come back."

After Galloway receives the booking, the employee located nearest to the job is called or faxed with the particulars.

Galloway relates the story of a wife who had finally convinced her husband to have his first professional haircut.

She arranged so that a wacky, ditzy assistant, smacking her gum and speaking with a valley girl accent would pretend to be the hairstylist assigned to him.

"It went great," Galloway said. "The actress even asked the man to hold her gum while she worked!"

Sharon says that the performances of the Livewires employees are so beleivable that it sometimes creates problems.

In a recent gig at a local grocery store, the management was rather upset when no one had called to get an OK to do a job.

"In Seattle, they're used to weird things, you know, anything could happen. (But) Bellingham is not used to a lot of aberrant happenings," Sharon said.

Sharon says she likes the idea of actors getting the opportunity to hone their craft and interact with average people in an improvisational setting.

"One of our performers auditioned for and got a part in a play at the Open Space because of his ability to improvise. I allow the performers a lot of room to create and define a character or particular act," Sharon said.

One of the "born to perform" employees at Livewires is Rafe Wadleigh. A transplant from the Paloose, Rafe is a third-year student at Western, majoring in music (guitar), and he plays in his own band, Krusters Kronomid. He says he found out about Livewires through the campus job board.

"I needed a job, but I didn't want to work fast food or something" he said.

Rafe tells the story of one memorable job in which he played an unusual funeral director trying to drum up customers for "alternative burying spots" — places you could pay your respects conveniently, such as on the way to work.

"I was hired to deliver a birthday greeting for this guy who was turning 50. " he says. "His wife wanted the theme of "over the hill", and they usually give us a lot of room to create the character," Rafe said.

He arrived at the man's workplace dressed in the sober garb of a funeral director with two of his friends. One friend posed as a

Rafe Wadleigh performs a message Mexican style.

grave digger who grunted and the other as a "dead guy" to demonstrate the director's skill in preserving his clients.

After a 10-minute presentation on the benefits of glass coffins and strange burial plots, which included pinching the dead guy's skin to demonstrate its suppleness, Rafe says he "stuck a harmonica in the dead guy's mouth, had the grave digger press down on his stomach with a shovel to get the pitch and sang "Happy Birthday" to the man."

With a family background in theater, ("my dad teaches drama at Washington State") Rafe really gets into the character, and he says he has, on occasion, been too convincing.

"On this one job I was supposed to give a congratulations message to a rather stern administrator in a convalescent home. ... I dressed up as a biker called Pig Dog and had to wait for her to come out of a meeting. When she came out, I told her it had been a long, dusty road and could you set me up with a room and an occasional sponge bath. She really thought I was serious" Rafe said.

"I sang 'Born to Be Wild' and took out a large knife and started cleaning my fingernails," Rafe Wadleigh

"I sang 'Born to Be Wild' and took out a large knife and started cleaning my fingernails. She became very nervous and threatened to call the cops, so I gave her the message and finally she cracked a smile" he said. Rafe overheard someone who had been in on the gag comment that it was worth the $80 to see her smile.

Another job required Rafe to show up at the YMCA and pretend he was a mentally-challenged person who had slipped and fallen on some ice outside the door.

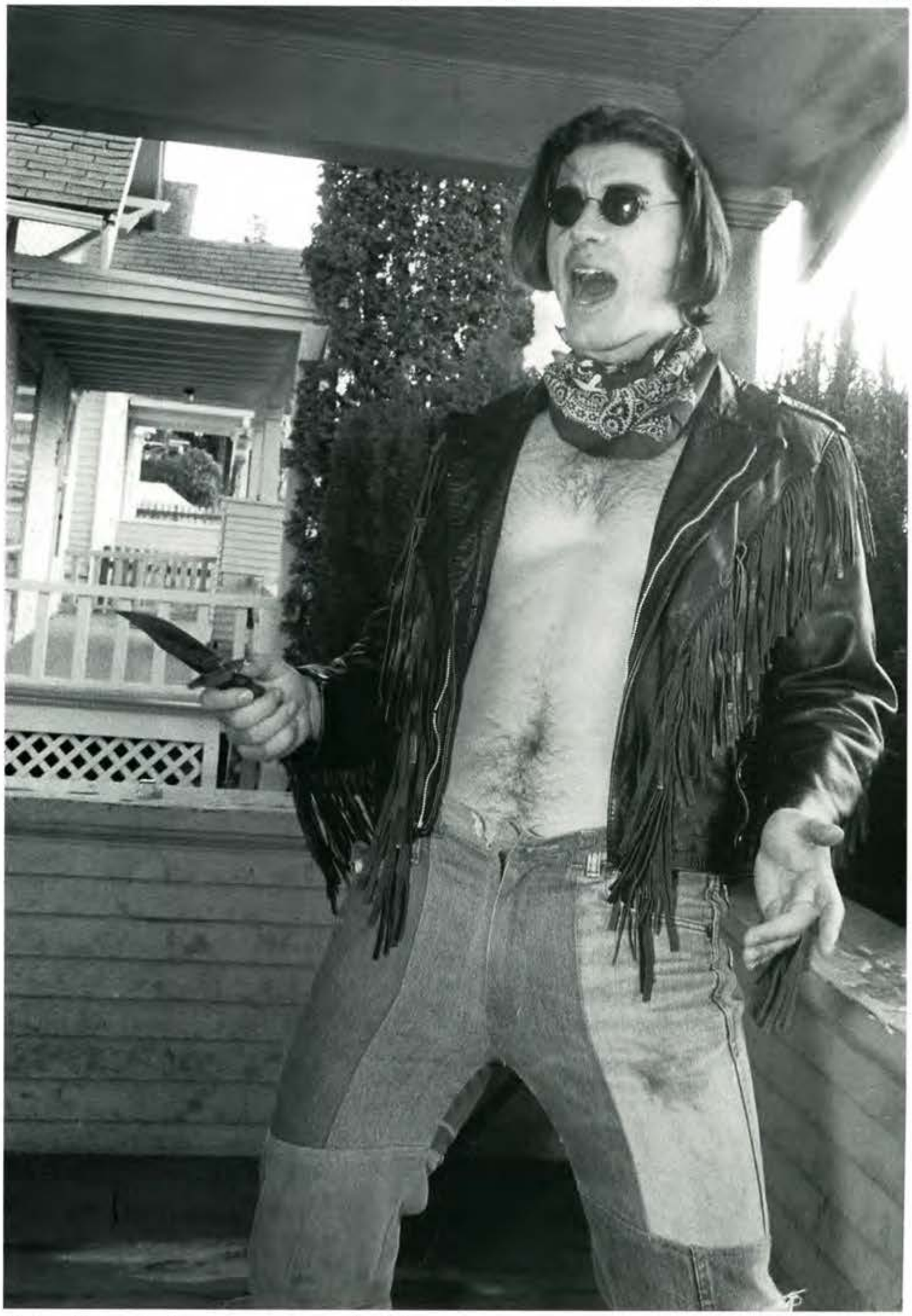
He told the secretary at the desk his mother had told him to sue the YMCA, but he would be willing to negotiate for a lifetime membership to use the pool. Rafe says he went on and on about how he loved the water and had been born under water but lack of oxygen led to his condition, etc. The secretary was almost in tears when he broke into a rendition of "Sweet 16" in celebration of the secretary's birthday.

"Actually", Rafe says, "it was more like 'Sweet 52'."

He says he likes the job and they work around his schedule; it's really convenient.

"All the jobs have been interesting" Rafe says.

So, to all budding actors, under-utilized singers, closet exhibitionists and anyone else who has an irresistible impulse to perform for strangers (and make money), this could be your calling! "Give my regards to Broadway, ..." KM



Rafe strikes again singing a message as the biker.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